VOLUME XIVII

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1901.

NUMBER 103.

### DID YOU?

### DON'T YOU?

C. D. CAMPBELL.

## KELLER & DOWELL!

Dealer in

# Grain Seeds PEERLESS

Wool, Salt,

CEMENTS

CALCINED PLASTER

and all the best grades of

PHONE 51. Warehouse and Office August 25, 1896

### USEFUL Holiday Goods.

We have many articles in our store. that would make a fine p esent and would be used every day for man, woman, boy or girl. Come and see us.

Calendar.

and r-c ive a nice

### Osburn & Churchill

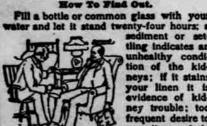
## Frank R. Griffin,

DENTIST.

Satura Teeth and the Care of Children's Teeth.

Office Room 20 Lawrence Blag BELLEFONTAINE.

and Don't Know it.



In Bellefontaine in 1869. are still making it. It is the Kind of Flour

### THAT MAKES GOOD BREAD,

H. P. Runyon is having great success in crying sales, and is prepared to answer al call on short notice.

Curtis Old Stand.

If you want to borrow money, the Union

C. D. CANIIII, Gen'l Agt. BELLEFONTAINE, O.

### School Examiners' Meetings.

### Legal Notice.

Jane Rutter residing at At'anta, Cass county, Texas, will take notice that on the 2nd day of De ember, 1901. Abia! L. Wright field his petition in the U-mmon Pleas Court of Logan county, thio, in case No. 8579, aga'nst the above named Jane Rutter, praying for judgment for the sum of one hundred \$100 00 dollars the amount due, as agent for sa'd Jane Rutter, f r the ale of i-t No. 71' in the city of Belefontain. Logan county, Oho, and said plaintiff is required to answer on or before the 1st day of Febr ary, t. D. 1902, or judgment may be taken against her.

HOWENSTINE & HUSTON, Autorneys for Abial L. Wright.



MILLERS,

II Grocers Sell It,

It is the Standard of Excellence. We always want to Buy Wheat.

Auctioneer

H. P. UNYON

Tom J. Hellings.

## Don't Borrow Money.

Don't ever borrow money unless the case is mperative and you can see your way out, or ou are certain you can make by borrowing.

The Logan County Board of School Ex-miners will hold meetings for the examina-ion of the teachers on the first -aturday of such month except January and July, in Fd-cational Hail, Bellefontaine, O., morning ucational Hall. Bellefontaine. O., morning session 9 to 12, aft rmoon 1 to 4
Questions in Theory will 'e based in part on "cost's 'Organic Education" and Ohio School Laws Questions in History on "nark's "Expansion of the American Peop e" and those in Geography on Howe's 'The Study of the Sky," and those in Be-ading on Bates' "The "tudy of Literature and King Leas." Boxwell examinations will be held on the third Saturday of March and April.



THE TRUE SPIRIT "OF CERISTMAS

By M. K. Rutledge.

grew still more distinct and I saw the benignant smile and the hands full of or-naments fit for my tree my fear subsided. "Here," said the spirit, handing me is little box, "is something which you should

"This," said be, handing me a small lamp, "you should fill and trim at each Christmastide, but keep lighted all the year around for your children's sake. It is the lamp of good example."

With a mental vow I took the lamp and set it lighted among the sweet smelling

your Christmas," said he. "Do not hang them up yet. The box of ancient custom will show you bow to arrange them on the tree. But here is something though they have a varied look. Yet they never pall on the taste. Hang them up at once. They are magical sweets, never



ly carry some always, but never forget to put the whole board on the Christmas

tree."

I had been hanging them while he spoke. He now stopped me with:

"There is not much more time for me to stay here, so I will trouble you to attend to the rest of what I say, doing no work meanwhite. Here are the apples of plenty. You gather them by persistent endeavor during the year. Never fail to garnish your tree with them, one for each

wayfarer. "I give you lastly this golden tape You are to set it lighted on top of the tree, and when the time for present giving comes you are to present it to your good lady. You are both to keep it light ed all the year around. It is the taper of ove and loyalty.

"And who are you?" I asked, seein that he began to fade away.
"The true spirit of Christmas," N he faintly and was gone.

One Chance Left. "I know why you always sit up so I on Christmas eve. Miss Oldgal." "And why do I. Freddy?"
"You think mebbe you'll see Santa tlaus and he'll ask you to marry him."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The times are changed, the world grows old; We have no more the age of gold. Perchance it is decline; perchance 'Tis but the tokens of advance; But nowadays we hold no more That once good fellowship of yore. It may be that the strain and stress Of our ma,! times bring joylessness; It may be that our feverish days Forget the old, good, genial ways.

But, thanks to one persistent spark, Unrest and haste and care and cark Unrest and haste and care and care
Not yet shall strip our aging heart
Of all its old congenial art.
Are, thanks to that still jovial day,
We shall forget and make our way
With dance and frolic, friends and rhyme,
Back through grim ages to the time
When "laughter, holding both his sides,"
Thermod all men's days to Christmastides.

Anceses 5. Description **POLLY MARTIN'S** CHRISTMAS EVE

A Story of Country Life at Yuletide by Eliza Archard Conner.

She was only sixteen, pretty Polly Martin, with round, soft cheeks the color of apple blossom buds and eyes as blue as the skies of her own native Canada. She self born in the beautiful country.

Her father was a tenant farmer in new settlement in western Canada. Pretty Polly milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens and helped her mother with the children. When she could get employment away from home, she went out many children had made her very useful about a house; patient, too, and she was naturally sweet tempered, so people were glad to have her with them. And then they liked to see her in their houses because she was so pretty.

The Martins' nearest neighbor was the morning. The guests at the ball danced till midnight; then they had support, then a farewell cotillon. Then for the Valentines came the ten miles' sleigh ride.

In their home at 11 o'clock Polly, the cool headed, strong armed border girl, went down to the cellar to give the fur-

three miles away. This was not because nace a last feeding and shake up for the neighbors were so few, but because Mr. Martin's employer, Thomas Valentine, owned all the land between his own hand and that it should give out heat house and the leg cottage where the Martins lived. But Polly was not lonely. She never thought of being so. On the contrawer thought of being so. On the contrawer when they arrived. Then she went back ry, she was very happy. Polly loved nature. If she raised her eyes a moment in a cabin, but who nevertheless liked

rizon, there was the undimmed sky, radiant blue, with a marvelous gleam of silvery brightness in it that silvery brightness in the silvery brightness silvery brightness in it that stretched notice how time passed till she looked up away—away to the north pole itself, with a start and saw it was half past 11. Eastward there was the crystal pure brook daucing to the music of its own everlasting little tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, aleigh and the horses' hoof beats upon the which not even the ice of winter was able show. What had happened to bring the quite to subdue. Polly thought it was the sweetest music that is or ever was, and I am not sure she was wrong. To But, no! Listen! Where were the sleighting was also as the same than they expected to come?

surrounded by vineyards and orchards of apples, peaches, plums and pears. Near the mansion was the shining white dairy house, with the big power churn that they made the Jersey bull work by walking on a treadmill, to his intense disgust, which he showed by pawing the ground and bellowing, with his tail in the air, so soon as he was released from the humilisting treadmill.

year he made his annual sale of beeves and got unusually good prices for them. It was too late to put the money he received into the bank that day. 55 Mr. Valentine brought it home with him, \$500 in gold and silver, and locked it in a burreau drawer. Polly did not know it was there.

On the evening of the 24th of December 24th of December 25th of the property of them. They call the door and shook it in a rage. But it was of brave oak, strong and well seasoned, and would not yield. The robbers were in a fury. Once again they call to her, cursing her hor ribly. They said:

"If you open the door and shook it in a rage. But it was of brave oak, strong and well seasoned, and would not yield. The robbers were in a fury. Once again they call the door and shook it in a rage. But it was of brave oak, strong and well seasoned, and would not yield. The robbers were in a fury. Once again they call to her, cursing her hor ribly. They said:

"If you open the door, we will let you don't, we'll get in a rage. But it was of brave oak, strong and well seasoned.

On the evening of the 24th of December the farmers of the county gave their annual Christmas ball. It was a great event, bringing together socially friends widely separated who did not see one another often during the rest of the year. Polly was wanted to keep the Valentine house while the family should be away at the ball. They went early, for there was the town where the ball was. The great sleigh, with its big, handsome horses pawing the snow and shaking their masdrawn up before the carriage door of the drawn up before the carriage door of the farmhouse, and one after enother the farmhouse, and one after enother the family took their places in it. Those fine, intelligent horses looked as if they enjoyed the prospect of the sleigh ride as much as any one.

After they had gone Polly went around

After they had gone Polly went around the bouse to see that all was in order for

the cold out and with a great furnace in the cellar from which hot air pipes carried warmth into all the rooms. Many a king's palace was less comfortable than this house. Polly looked to see that doors and windows were fastened; then she sat down in the warm dining room to read

Polly was not lonely or afraid. The country neighborhood was considered quite safe, and, besides, pioneer girls are not the kind to scream at a mouse. remained up till 11 because she did not like to leave the warm fire. Then she felt sleepy and prepared to go to bed. The family would not be back till 3 o'clock in

ture. If she raised her eyes a moment from her work and looked toward the west, she saw the grand green forest fashing and ringing with the bright winged, sweet voiced birds that civilization had not yet illed out.

the south there were the sleek heifers bells? They did not ring. They were wading and feeding in the clover, the muffled—the bells on this sleigh. What

wading and feeding in the clover, the white coats of the sheep shining out against the emerald pasture, and beyond, mile on mile, stretching far as eye could see, the great grainfields already changing from green to gold. Polly's heart leaped with gladness when she looked.

At Christmas time, the year Polly was sixteen, Mr. Valentine's family sent for her to come and help them for a week.

Mr. Valentine lived in a handsome house surrounded by vineyards and orchards of the more, and one of them ordered her in surrounded by vineyards and orchards of the more, and one of them ordered her in

Farmer Valentine reared grand draft
Open this door!" roared the men again.
But the beating of Polly's heart was the ing Christmas beeves every year for the only sound in answer, and they could not market. Two days before Christmas that hear that. Then they pounded harder year he made his annual sale of beeves than ever and kicked the door and shook

anyhow, end then we'll shoot you dead

Still little Polly would not open. The noise at the door ceased. What would the next terror be? Polly soon understood. The robbers went to a window It was easy enough to force the shutter. Then there was a faint grinding sound. a ten mile sleigh ride between them and The burgiars were cutting the large, new And yet Polly would not open the door. Indeed it would have been no good to do pawing the snow and shaking their mass so now, for the robbers would soon be in sive necks to make the bells jingle, was the room anyhow. Polly only sat still

After they had gone Polly went around the house to see that all was in order for lt was quickly loose on two sides; only a lt was quickly loose on two sides; only a lt was quickly loose on two sides; only a the night. She peeped into the fruit-house first just to glad her eye with the sight of the long shelves loaded with red

And then, in the very nick of time, in

sight of the long shelves loaded with red cheeked apples and with shining green and yellow pears wrapped in tissue paper to make them keep till Christman. She

looked down into the box where lay a few bunches of late autumn grapes, the down still upon their fat, purple cheeks. They pleased Polly's artistic eye.

Next Polly fed the pigs and locked the poultry houses. Then she went indoors. The house was a modern built one, with large double plate glass windows to keep the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and with a great furnace in the cold out and t

Nobody came into the house. No sleigh stopped in front, neither did any move past with its merry ting-a-ling of music, past with its merry ting-a-ling of music, though Polly certainly heard the bells a moment or two longer. Then all quieted down. But Polly was too shaken up now to go to bed at all. She sat there alone, frightened and trembling, three hours longer till the family came home. She was only a girl, you know, scarcely more than a child.

But where were the sleighbells that had saved Polly's life and the Valentines' property? You would never guess, and it was some time before they found out for ings of an old, old, very old, gray bearded

certain. The story is really a wonderful gentleman called Christmas, who was one, and, best of all, it is a true story. wont to be a verie familiar ghest and ore, and, best of all, it is a true story. wont to be a verle familiar ghest and In the harness house a large white cat visite all sorts of people, both pore and was kept to destroy the rats and mice. rich, and used to appear in glittering She seldom left the harness house and gold, sitk and silver in the court, and in had a warm bed made for her in a barrel all shapes in the theater in Whitehall and of hay. That afternoon a careless stable man had thrown a set of sleighbells necross the barrel where pussy's bed was. The noise the robbers made disturbed what is become of him, or where he may her, and she had jumped out to see what be found, let them bring him back again it meant. In doing so, being a large, into England."

heavy cat, she shook the bells and jangled them, and that was what scared the same honors as of old. Never again was

burglars off.

Polly took a fine, big, honest husband a few years later and is living in a pretty country home of her own, with the radiant skies above her, the woods and orchards and green fields around her, the woods and orchards and green fields around her, the
very scenes to her so well beloved. There
she will probably live to tell her grandchildren how the cat shook the sleighbells and saved her life and Farmer Valentine's \$200. After all, which is the real
heroine of the story, Polly or pussy?

Or oversion more:

No question more: calibur. Whistlecraft thus sets the legthe bells and made them ring at the particular moment she did or was it something else?

They served up salmon, ventson and wild boars by hundreds, by dozens and by scores, Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,



Much For Her.

Mrs. Pinchacent—I had a terrible dream last night, Hiram. I dreamed you d.d something that made

Minch For Her.

Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard, Flum puddings, pancakes, apple ples and custard, And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine, with mead and ale and cider of our own.

For porter, punch and negus were not known. Too Much For Her. Mrs. Pinchacent—I had a terrible dream last night, Hiram. I dreamed you did something that made me drop dead.

Mr. Pinchacent — What was it I did, Maria?

Mrs. Pinchacent — You gave me a present for Christmas.

In the middle ages, beginning with the king, every one feasted during the two weeks of Christmastide to the very best of his physical and financial ability, and none was too poor to have his fill of the Christmas, cheer. Open house was the absolute rule. The wayfarer was well-absolute rule. The wayfarer was well-absolute rule.

Some Christmas "Nevers."

Never "mark down" a pricemark on a from the hand of the king to his nobles at Christmas present. If the mark doesn't court, from the hand of the baron to his indicate that you are properly extrava- retainers bilarously celebrating with him gant, rub it out or, still better, mark it around the blazing Yule log in the center

up.

Of his hall, the abbot's capons and good

Never give your dear wife a cord of ale warmed the heart of the penniless

wood or a ton of coal for Christmas just wanderer if he did not choose farming to show her that you have money to burn. house or hall to spend the Yuletide it Never tell your little boy that there isn't eny Santa Claus. The older boys will do it for you all too soon.

Never bay more Christmas presents than you can afford. This is very good advice, and, of course, you won't follow lt.

Never always religious a policious a policious of elipnoses.

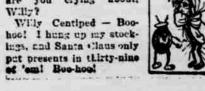
Never give a minister a pair of slippers if there is a small boy in his family, for small boys ought to be happy on Christ-

under the mistletoe bough. Take it. Never try to give your wife a \$500 sealskin suck if you are somebody's cash-ier on an income of \$7 a week. Never give your husband a box of ci-gars. Give him a big box of Schuyler's benbons, and some of it may come your

Never get mixed and give Mrs. Jones the present she cont you last year. She may recognize it. Never wern a woman that she is standing under the mistletoe. If she's homely, she will be your enemy for life; if she's pretty, she'll think, not without reason,

Johnny Bug-Why, what are you crying about, W:11:77 Willy Centiped - Boo-

perhaps, that you're a fool.



## SUPERSTITIONS

ODD CHRISTMAS

IN OLD ENGLAND

When, in 1647, Puritan sentimen

In the middle ages, beginning with th

Old Christmas is come for to keep open house; He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.
Then come, boys, and welcome, for dict the chief
Pium pudding, goose, capon, minced ples and
roast beef.

The public pageants were masquerades, each under the direction of a lord of

misrule, or abbot of misrule, as he was tometimes called, who directed the sports and mummeries of the maskers and all

the festivities of the others. The lord of misrule who misruled in the court

had a liberal appropriation from parlia-ment for himself and his attendants.

The lords and barons had each their own

appointed mummers and there were other bands of them, self appointed, who

roamed about the country on a grand

spree during the holidays. The excesses of these in time caused the custom to be

abolished by law.
In houses and halls, under the holly and

lvy and mistletoe, the merrymaking pro-ceeded for the men in the old days, with

a kiss for Joan every time she was found

under the omnipresent mistletoe, but there was no special part of the festivity

for the little ones, with the exception o

tree and Santa Claus.



on the continent have been observed to start on pilgrimages toward the east in imitation of the shepherds of old.

Many of those superstitions have reached North America. They thrive better in Canada than in the United States. Howison tells of an Indian in upper Canada whom he found creeping late on Christmas eve on hands and knees to get a look at the deer kneeling at the midnight hour. Sir Walter Scott tells us that, according to a popular belief, those who were born on Christmas had the gift of seeing ghosts. The Spaniards attributed the haggard look of Philip II. to this undesirable faculty. on the continent have been observed to

A Letter to Sandy Claws. The Sunday school teacher was telling Tommy Tuffun about Santa Claus and his big department store up at the north pole and about the great free distribu-

away free gratis fer nuttin'?" "Gee! He mus' be easy!" cried Tom-

er, has yer gotter be good boys to be let in on de ground floor uv de graft?"
"Yes, you must be good," was the re-"Gee! Den dat lets me out! I'm good -nit. Sandy Claws'll trun me down

-nit. Sandy Claws'll trun me down hard, sure, an' me wantin' a jackknife de woist kind!"

"But you're a good boy, Tommy," remonstrated the teacher. "All the boys in the class are going to write a letter to Santa Claus telling him what they want for Christmas, and you must write too." Tommy agreed to do so, and after balf an hour of hard work with a pencil be handed the teacher the following letter: Deer Sandy Claws—I want a jackknife & Crissmuss, see? I ain't a good boy, see? But youse don't gimme de jackknife fer Crismus nez' time me an' de kids ketchen yer in Chi Hill we won't do a t'ing to yer! See?

"Is Pooreman's rich wife liber on on Christmas?"

singing the carols in expectation of gifts, until the prince consort of Queen Victoria Introduced from Germany the Christmas "She was last year." "What did she present him with?"
"Tripleta."